

VOLUME XV.

NEW YORK, JULY 3, 1890.

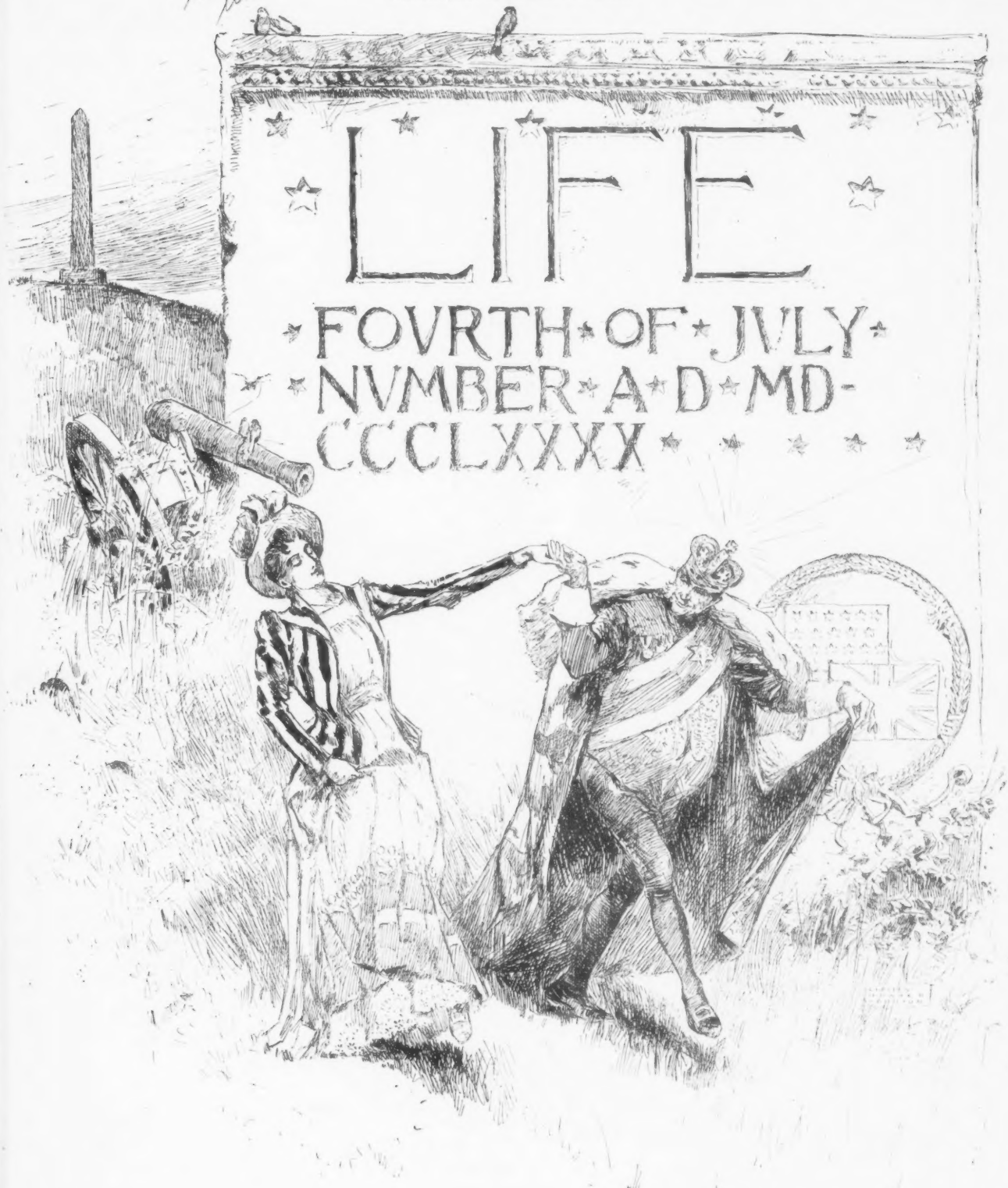
NUMBER 392.

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*This number
with Vol 15 inter
indexed in Vol 16.*

LIFE

FOURTH OF JULY
NUMBER A.D. MD-
CCCLXXX



SCRIBNER'S \$3.00 A YEAR 25c. A NUMBER MAGAZINE

FOR JULY, NOW READY.

CONTAINS:

THE SUBURBAN HOUSE

Being the third paper in the "Homes in City and Country" series. With illustrations from drawings and from photographs. By BRUCE PRICE.

SURF AND SURF-BATHING

Illustrations from drawings by W. S. Allen and M. J. Burns; engraving by Bodenstab. By DUFFIELD OSBORNE.

BIRD CRADLES

With illustrations from drawings by the author; engraving by Dana, M. J. Whaley, Baker, and J. Clément. By W. HAMILTON GIBSON.

THE RIGHTS OF THE CITIZEN—IV.

TO HIS OWN REPUTATION. By E. L. GODKIN. Being the fourth paper in this series.

THE HOUSE TEMBINOKA

Illustrations drawn from Mr. Stevenson's photographs. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

HORACE, BOOK III, ODE XIII.—TO THE FOUNT BANDUSIA.

There is also the second instalment of the serial, "JERRY;" the concluding chapters of "IN THE VALLEY," by HAROLD FREDERIC; the remarkable narrative of "THE LAST SLAVE SHIP," by GEO. HOWE, M. D., a short story by Octave Thanet, and Poems by A. LAMPMAN, and by CHARLES B. GOING.

THE POINT OF VIEW

TAKING IT SERIOUSLY—THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS—MR. ALLEN'S ANXIETY—FEATHERS OF LOST BIRDS.

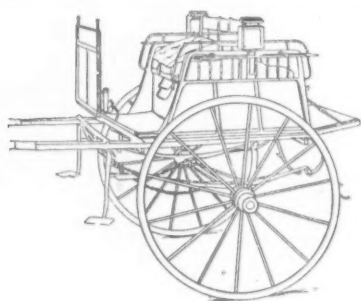
Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers,

743 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

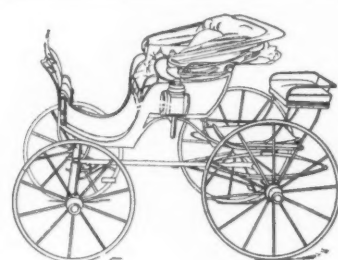
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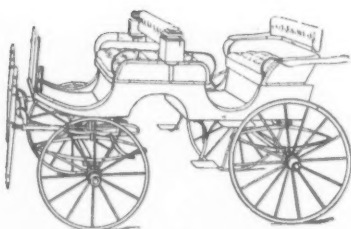
FOUR-IN-HAND COACHES.



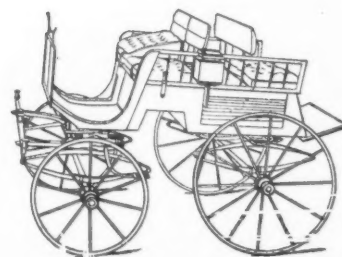
English Dog Cart,
Wagonette Phaetons,
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BUCKBOARDS.





JULY THE THIRD.

"ADOLPHUS," said Dorinda,
 Leaning on his shoulder,
 "Dost know to-morrow is the time
 "For lovers to grow bolder,
 "And to declare their passion deep in words or tuneful lay?
 "For 'tis Declaration Day, Adolphus, Declaration Day."

AS USUAL.



GREWSUM BUYS ONE OF THOSE POPULAR CANNON CRACKERS.

"Dorinda," said Adolphus,
 (He well knew what she sought of
 Him and trembled), "dearest, there is
 "One name you've not thought of.
 "The day is fit for fellows from their girls to break away,
 "For 'tis Independence Day, Dorinda, Independence Day!"

L' ENVOI.

And Dorinda to Adolphus now has nothing more to say.

Edward Boltwood.

BLUE AND RED.

"PHILADELPHIA is a great city for blood. Look
 at all her old families."
 "So is Chicago. Look at all her big slaughter-houses!"

BROWN: Here's that old pistol that hasn't been charged
 for twenty years.

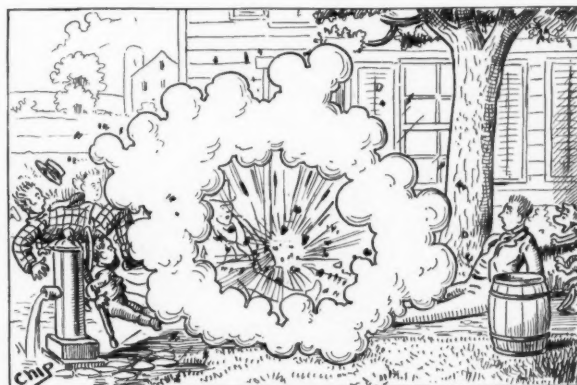
MRS. BROWN (*who reads the papers*): Take it right
 out in the yard, my dear, and fire it off.

BROWN: Why don't you go outside to fire off your
 crackers?

LITTLE JOHNNIE: 'Cause they smell more in the house.



BUT FOR SOME REASON IT DOESN'T GO OFF, AND THEY THINK THEY HAVE A JOKE ON GREWSUM.



BUT THEY HAVEN'T.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XV. JULY 3, 1890. NO. 392.
28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, \$30.00; Vol. II., bound, \$15.00; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX., X., XI., XII., XIII. and XIV., bound or in flat numbers, at regular rates.

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DECORATION DAY and the Fourth of July come so near together that it is not unlikely to become a question which of them shall be finally selected as the day we are to celebrate. For the militia to turn out on the 30th of May and again on the 4th of July seems to be considered an excessive service to require of our citizen soldiery, and it may be averred with a good deal of confidence that the more celebration there is on the 30th, the less patriotism finds vent on the 4th. Now, Decoration Day is the invention and peculiar property of the Grand Army of the Republic, which makes it its business to see that the observances peculiar to the day are regularly carried out, whereas the old 4th is nobody's particular concern, and shares the fate of other things that are everybody's business, in being usually neglected. The Grand Army men not only turn out themselves and bring out the militia on the 30th, but get the school children out too, and impress upon them the lesson of the day, including the part taken by the Grand Army in saving the old flag, and the propriety of voting every surviving member of it an increased pension. But are American children learning any more on the 4th of July what that day stands for, or how it was that we came to have a flag for the Grand Army to save?

Right here LIFE is going to confess that if it ever comes to a counting of noses as to whether the 30th or the 4th shall survive, our vote is going for the Fourth. The Grand Army doubtless abounds in brave men and modest patriots, but they tend to keep in the rear rank. The veterans at the front of the organization are apt to be vociferous gentlemen, who are unduly solicitous about the foreclosure of their mortgage on "Old Glory." It sometimes seems as if they believe themselves to be the sole repository of the patriotism of the nation, so ready some of them are to instruct their fellows as to the whole duty of a patriot, or rebuke any apparent lapse in it. But as a fact there are brave men who love their country outside of the Grand Army. Here is reminding all such to buy their small-fry their rightful firecrackers this

coming Fourth, that they may learn that there were American patriots before Corporal Tanner, and that there was a Union to be saved in '61.

* * *

IF the American city that is satisfied with Commissioner Porter's census count will please rise in her place the Commissioner would like to enumerate her. The growling about the way the census has been taken could hardly be so general if there were not some foundation for it. It is not all Democratic grumbling by any means, but is the expression of jealous rage in rival cities which have been betting about their size, and feel no sort of certainty that their measure has been accurately taken.

* * *

MR. MCKINLEY and what remains of his tariff bill are dividing the cuffs of the nation with Mr. Porter and his census. The backers of the bill seem to think precisely so much of it as they stand to win by it, and no more. As a measure for the enrichment of certain individuals at the public expense it commands some strenuous support, just as the Louisiana Lottery bill does, but as a piece of legislation for the people of the United States it seems to be so miscellaneous unpopular that there is good hope that the dissolution already begun in it may get in its perfect work. It was not for nothing that we all fought and argued through that long Summer of 1888. We all know more about tariff bills than we did, and though possibly we have not yet reached the point of knowing a good one when we see it, a good many of us have a pretty clear notion of what a bill is like that isn't good.

* * *

SUCH, for example, is the clause in the McKinley measure as amended by the Senate that provides for continuing the duty on works of art. There is the funniest pretense of protection about it. It is as if, years ago, when Sydney Smith observed that nobody read an American book, the congress of that day had put a high tariff on English books by way of keeping them out of the country and thereby encouraging American authors. A tariff on art is a tax on thought; on ideas; a tax on what every sensible nation strives to gather unto herself by hook or crook in the greatest possible numbers. Of course the more good pictures can be induced to come into the United States the better is the chance that American artists will learn at home to paint good pictures. You don't grow the best roses where the price of roses is highest, but where there is the most sunshine. And you don't necessarily make the greatest pictures where the prices are highest, but where there is the atmosphere of art.

COMMENCEMENT.



ALMA MATER TURNS OUT A FRESH BATCH - PRESUMABLY SLIGHTLY UNDERDONE.

JUNE.



A LITTLE DIFFICULTY WITH A NEWFOUNDLAND.



TRYING TO MUZZLE THE BIG BOW-WOW.



MASSACHUSETTS LOOKS INTO HER STATE HOUSE.

WHY can't the politicians let us be happy? We've been prosperous for a few years now, and even the silver men have been made comfortable by the government's monthly purchase of fifty or sixty tons of their metal. But the silver question in relation to the votes of the silver states gives an opportunity for American statesmanship too good to be lost, and therefore the whole business of the country must be thrown into a condition of doubt and uncertainty.

OUR Mary has gone over to the great majority of her sex. It is to be hoped that the fortunate Mr. Navarro will remember that Mary has not had much time in her busy life to acquire domestic accomplishments. Therefore, we would suggest to him that it would be very unkind to draw any comparisons between his mother's and his wife's ability to manufacture doughnuts or buckwheat cakes.



CAUGHT AT LAST.

THE exact time of the Czar's taking-off has not yet been announced by the Nihilists, but this apparent lack of courtesy has not been noted by the Czar, as the Nihilists rarely send torn invitations to the fireworks they provide for the Russian imperial family. The Czar need not worry, as he will probably be present at his own assassination whether he receives an invitation or not.



AN OMINOUS REAPPEARANCE.

Gratified



DAMOCLES.



FINE ARTS AT HARVARD [SPECIAL COURSE FOR IDIOTS]



Before

OUR FRESH AIR FUND



After

THOSE who have a theory that the smell of clover is better for the sensitive lungs of a growing child than the more vigorous odors of a New York gutter have now an opportunity of putting that theory into practice by sending a contribution to this fund.

Previously acknowledged..\$1,105 25	Mr. Selah Van Duzer.....	\$4 00
From Minneapolis..... 25 00	A. E. H.....	4 00
Edwards Roberts..... 25 00	Larchmont Circulating	
Droch..... 10 00	Library.....	20 00
Chas. Dissel..... 5 00	New London.....	5 00
From the Rainbow Ten of	G. F.....	10 00
the King's Daughters.. 8 00	An Old Lame Duck.....	50 00
N. W..... 500 00	For LIFE's Fresh Air Fund	
R. W..... 500 00	of 1890.....	10 00
For LIFE's Fresh Air Fund,	Live and Let Live.....	5 00
"Colorado"..... 5 00	Patty Davis.....	4 00
Annie C. Koonz..... 5 00	Total.....	\$2,315 50
Carrie and Fred..... 5 25		

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HE once called her his basil plant; and when she asked for an explanation, said that basil was a plant which had flourished wonderfully on a murdered man's brains.—GEORGE ELIOT.

SHE cried to the nations, the new-world Queen
With her tri-colored robes, and the stars on her shield,
"Come hither, ye children of men, and see
The plant that my fertile prairies yield.

"Broad and high grow its grewsome leaves;
It shadows the land that its flowers enchant.
I tend it with care and I watch it with pride,
And I call it my darling basil plant.

"It is watered by tears of the honest few,
And rocked by the winds of righteous scorn,
And roosted upon by harpy thieves,
Who plunder its fruit, but feel not its thorn.

"It thrives and fattens in wondrous wise,
For, far from the sunlight or human ken,
Under the earth where its strong roots pierce,
It feeds on the brains of murdered men.

"Buried brains of my murdered sons,
Ay, of my daughters: I hid them there;
I buried them deep, and from them grows
This precious plant that I deem so fair."

Comes there a moan from the sodden earth?
Rise there dark shades of avenging mien?
Little she recks of these phantoms dire,
The gibbering, mad and polluted Queen.

Let the nations view her with just contempt,
And thievish defenders disgrace her name;
Her heart is dead to the plea of right,
Her eyes are blind to her sordid shame.

Deaf to the voices of prophet and judge,
Only one boon doth she ask them to grant;
To give her more brains for her ghastly tilth,
And leave her alone with her basil plant.

Arthur Mark Cummings.



MCCARTHY'S "FRENCH REVOLUTION."

A MEETING of indignant Irish Nationalist Electors at Newry, the other day, censured young Justin Huntley McCarthy for "persistent neglect of his Parliamentary duties," and resolved to nominate a new candidate at the next election.

About the same time there issued from English and American publishers the first of a two-volume history of "The French Revolution" (Harper's), on which Mr. McCarthy is, no doubt, spending industriously the time and energy claimed by the protesting Electors of Newry. One can hardly blame an ambitious young man for neglecting the commonplaces of the Irish Revolution of to-day for a study of the picturesque and dramatic events of the French Revolution of one hundred years ago. Besides, his able father can look after the political interests of the family with veteran experience, while the aspiring son is reaching for laurels in the field of popular history which the elder man occupied a decade ago.

* * *

IN these short columns one may only glance at several obvious characteristics of this new history, which learned men will bye and bye compare with the great works which have preceded it, and will probably rebuke the young historian for his audacity and humble him for his rash judgments. He has a cool way of disputing Morley, patronizing Carlyle, mildly approving De Tocqueville, and criticizing Blanc, Thiers, Taine, and the rest of the great men, which is calculated to provoke the sarcasm of those who revere the dignity and decorum of History. One may safely leave the young historian to his awful fate at the hands of enraged scholars. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt (whom he resembles in many ways) can give him points on the castigation that awaits him.

* * *

BUT from the less lofty eminence of the general reader it will appear that Mr. McCarthy has accomplished very creditably what he set out to do. He has aimed, within moderate compass, to tell the story of the Revolution in the familiar, almost journalistic manner of his father's "History of Our Own Times." His point of view is neither that of a hero-worshipper nor a severe political priest. "The great secret lies in remembering," he says, "that all the figures of the French Revolution were men and women like ourselves, animated by like passions, purposes, virtues, failings, hopes and fears. That no fresh race of beings, either fiends or angels, were invented for the Revolutionary period."

Following this method, it results that the first four hundred pages of the book are a series of what the "journalist" calls "pen pictures" of the leading men and women of the Court and period of Louis XV. and XVI. These are woven into groups and coteries, not very ingeniously, but effectively. The intention is gradually to evolve, from a mass of personal



The culprit (in confusion): REALLY, YOU MUST EXCUSE ME, BUT I THOUGHT IT WAS HETTY HOPPER.
She: WELL, YOU'RE EXCUSABLE. A MAN THAT WOULD WANT TO KISS HETTY HOPPER ISN'T RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS ACTS.

jealousy, intrigue, weakness, and ambition, the motives which made possible the events leading to the Revolution

The outcome is very interesting reading, as all personal gossip is, but the course of events is obscured and often lost sight of. The methods of writing an historical novel are applied to history. In the midst of the most exciting deliberations of the States General, you are turned aside to read of the youth and early history of Mirabeau, Robespierre, and the rest. Then with the turn of a leaf you are brought back to a realization that for two or three chapters the King's messenger has been waiting at the door, and momentous events have been held in abeyance. There can be no cumulative and logical effect wrought by this method of historical writing—but it is eminently picturesque and entertaining.

* * *

THE style is florid, theatrical—often diffuse and incorrect. Again and again he repeats his pet epithets, "gracious," "august," "strenuous," and the like. Occasionally he is

undignified and "smart" in his little jokes at the expense of unfortunate personages; and you remember that he has been a Nationalist member of Parliament whose first duty it is to goad the Government.

But you will read the volume through with enjoyment, and become so interested in the period that (if you have heretofore neglected them) you will begin to brush the dust from Thiers, and Taine, and Carlyle, and determine on a course of serious reading.

Droch.

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

"I INTRODUCED Æschylus to Socrates this morning," said Terence.

"I wish I'd been there," said Cicero.

"Why?"

"I should like to have seen the tug of war between two such heavy weights."

OUR FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

YES, fellow citizens, this is our National birth-day. Who were we a hundred and fourteen years ago to-day? Nobody. A mere handful of hungry patriots, badly-dressed, disgustingly honest, and ridiculously patriotic. To-day let us look about us. What do we behold? Boodle in the Senate, ignorance in the House, Harrison rattling around in the Presidential chair, and not rattling very loud either. We are a free people, self-made, self-governed. Our rulers are of our own selection, and good enough for the people who select them. Yes, fellow citizens, ours is a glorious country. We don't care much for Free Art or International Copyright, but we are very strong on pensions and silver money. Our daughters are rapidly improving the American race by intermarriage with the foreign nobility, and our sons by aping the manners and morals of their brothers-in-law. Mark our advance! Not one signer of the Declaration of Independence could have told the difference between an absinthe cocktail and a *crème de menthe*. Then George Washington would have been considered as great a man as Ward McAllister. Then Alexander Hamilton and the *Federalist* would have been held in as great esteem as Elliot F. Shepard and the *Mail and Express*. No one knows what would have been thought of John Wanamaker in those days. No other time than ours could have produced him. What did those poor fools know of the science of finance as practiced to-day by our Goulds and Rockefellers? Confined to the crude code of paying their debts, and keeping their hands out of other people's pockets, they could not even dream of the beauties of trusts and stock-watering. Our progress is a miracle, fellow citizens, yes, a miracle, and ere long the vice of Patriotism will have disappeared, and those twin virtues, Indifference and Greed, rule in its stead.

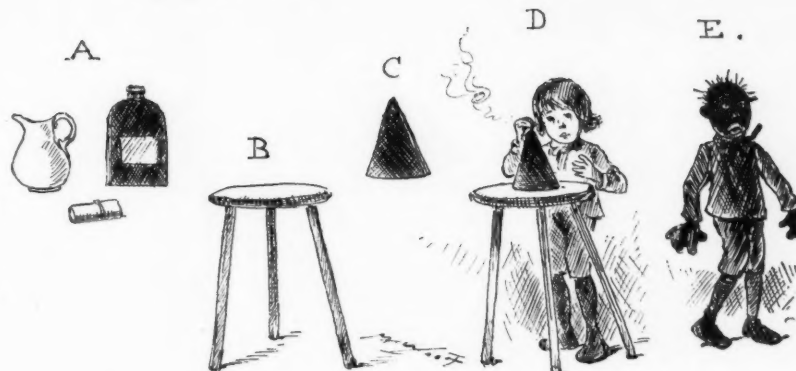


MACBURLEIGH HITS UPON A NOVEL PLAN FOR SECURING SAFETY AND FREEDOM OF MOTION WHILE SHAVING ON SHIPBOARD.

TO A FIVE DOLLAR BILL.

WE two, that is before you went,
Have seen the town to some extent,
Have been out late o' nights together
In every sort and kind of weather,
And, each to serve his private ends,
Have been, as friendship goes, good
friends;
So, Bill, remembering former times
In answer to these halting rhymes
Come, look me up, you'll find me thinner,
And, William, treat me to a dinner.

Wm. B. McVickar.



A VOLCANO.

How to make and fire one. A Fourth of July treat for the young ones.

- A REPRESENTS A PITCHER OF WATER, A FLASK OF GUNPOWDER AND A BOX OF MATCHES.
- B IS A THREE-LEGGED STOOL ON WHICH TO STAND VOLCANO; IF ONE CANNOT BE PROCURED THE TOP OF A GRAND PIANO WILL ANSWER EVERY PURPOSE.
- C *The volcano*, WHICH IS MADE BY TAKING A HANDFUL OF POWDER, MIXING IT WITH WATER AND MOULDING IT WITH THE FINGERS INTO SHAPE.
- D APPLY A LIGHTED MATCH TO THE TIP OF VOLCANO—AND THE RESULT (E) IS INVARIABLY THE SAME.

IMPROBABLE, UNFORTUNATELY.

NEWSDOY: Last edition of the
World! One cent!

CITIZEN: Boy, if you'll guarantee that
will be positively the last edition of the
World, I'll give you a dollar for it.

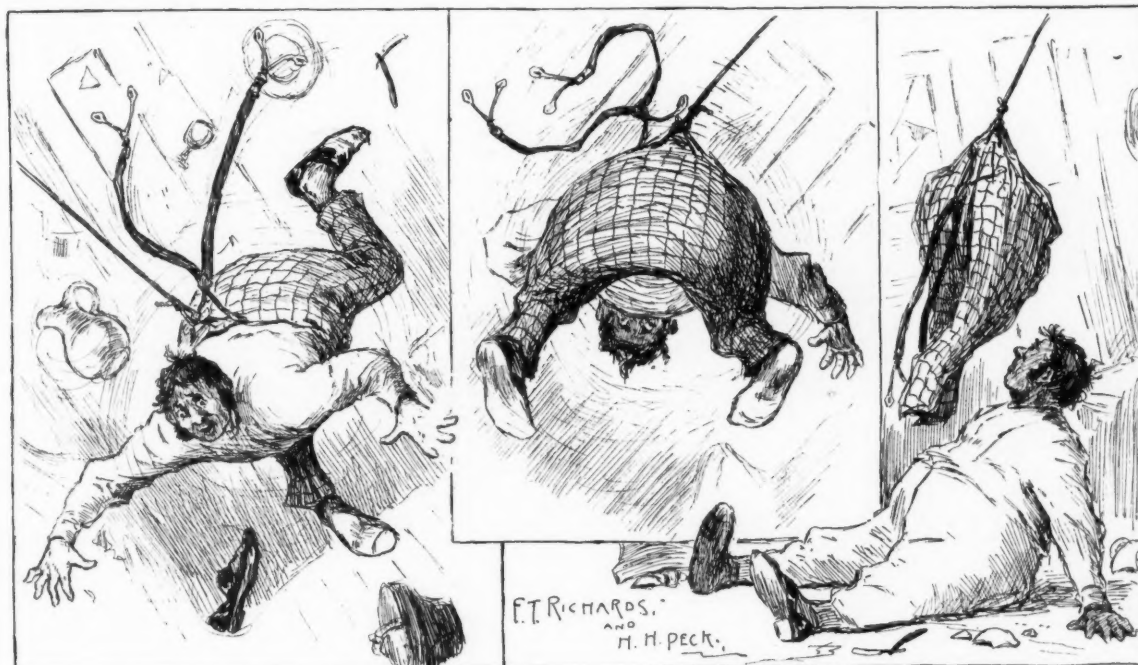
ANOTHER TESTIMONIAL.

"IS marriage a failure?"

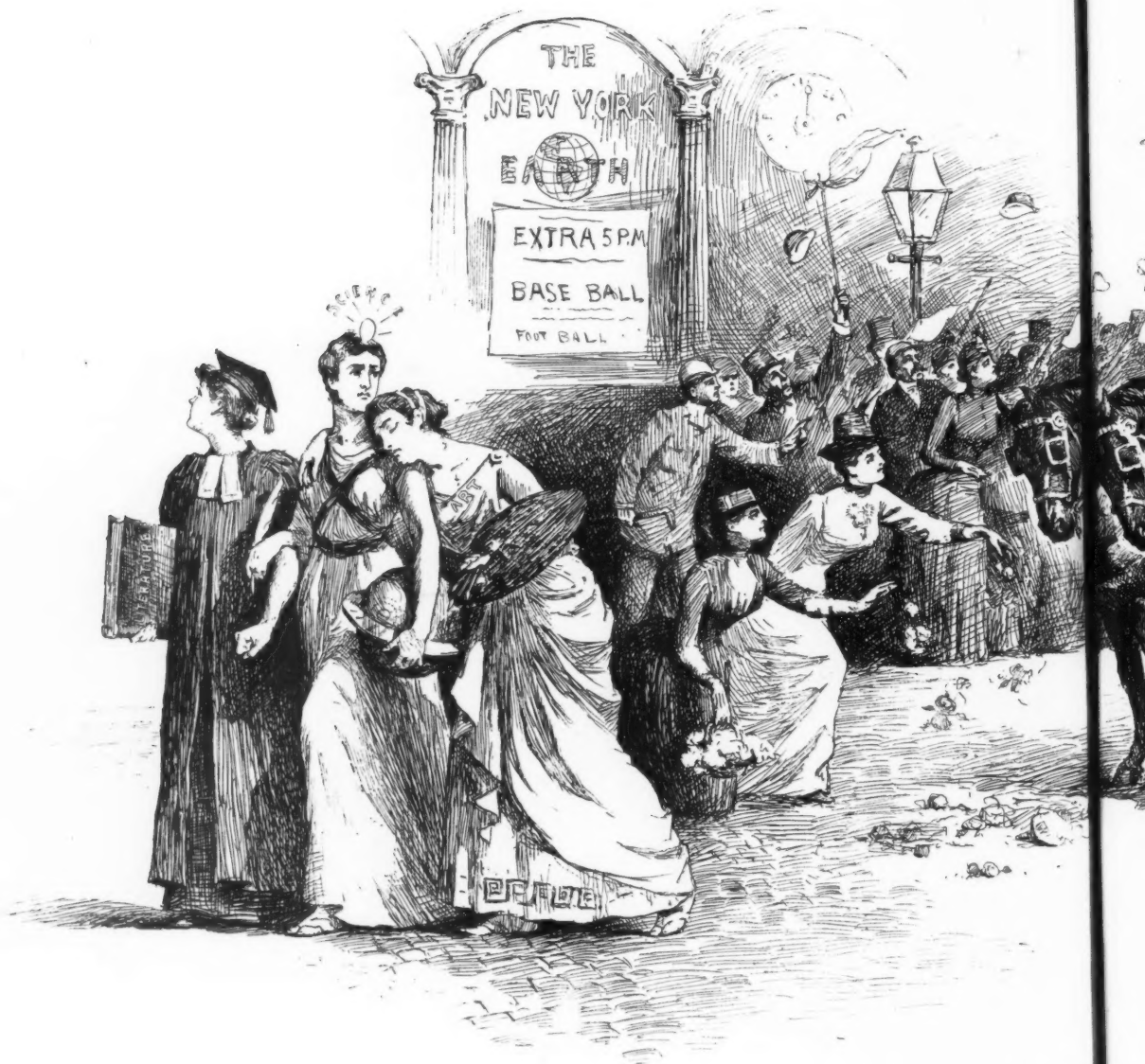
"Yes," replied Annette, as she
gazed proudly at her ring-finger, "it is
so far as Belle Filkins is concerned."

SOCIAL PASTELS.

BOBBETT: I got cards from the Van Bostle's this morning.
CYNICUS: I supposed you would. I heard they were going to ask everybody.



BUT THE PRACTICAL WORKING OF THE SCHEME AND THE FINAL RESULT ARE NOT WHAT HE EXPECTED.



THE DAY CELE
 SHOWING WHAT A CENTURY CAN ACCOMPLISH
The three fossils in the foreground feel



E DAY CELEBRATE,
MPLEISH AND DEVELOPING THE INTELLIGENCE OF A NATION.
oreground and feel very much at home in America.

LIFE'S PRIMER.

TO THE TEACHER.

THIS primer is designed to meet the wants of the progressive pupil. Its illustrations are varied and suggestive; its reading matter is pure in tone and simple in construction.

All definitions are full and complete, and leave no room for doubt in the mind of the pupil. As, for instance, the definition of "cat" as given on page 388: "CAT—A musical, domestic, carnivorous quadruped of the genus *Felis*." When the child reads this description he will have an astonishingly clear idea of what a cat is even though he may never have seen one.

A judicious use of this book will lighten the toil of the teacher, and at the same time awaken in the pupil a desire for knowledge that will be as far reaching as it is permanent.

A few examples like the following will enable the dullest pupil to grasp at once the meaning of a word from its component parts:

A Quart. A Quar-ter. A Vi-al. A Vi-o-lin.
A Rat. A Rat-tle. A Wren. A Wrench.
A Saw. A Sau-sage. A Span. A Span-ker.
A Toe. A Toad.

SOME USEFUL ALLITERATIVE COMPARATIVE
DESCRIPTIVE ALPHABETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

(Let the pupil memorize this heading.)



A Arm.



A Arm-or.

I



A Bug.



A Bug-gy.



Is the son up?
The son is up.
Up, up, he is. See he is up.

II



A Cat.



A Cat-tle.



A Doll.



A Doll-ar.



Is he in?
He is in.

ON THE BEACH.

THE night is warm, the moon is bright,
And here, upon the sandy beach,
A brush-fire burns with glaring light,
Removed above the billows' reach.

The rest have wandered down the shore,
We two are left awhile alone.
We talk, as we have talked before,
In quiet, confidential tone.

She holds just o'er the smould'ring ash,
On point of reed, a white "marshmallow."
Her eye droops low beneath its lash,
Watching the flames dance bright and yellow.

How fair and sweet she looks to-night!
How wistful, yet how strangely shy!
'Tis joy to watch Love's kindling light
That leaps and sparkles in her eye.

But then she's been just so before,
To lots and lots of other fellows;
And so we sit here on the shore,
And talk and laugh, and toast "marshmallows."

D.

JONES'S REVENGE.

MUGGINS: Funniest thing happened the other day—Jones was trying to make his mule drink out of a bucket, when the animal kicked him.

COBB: Ah, then did Jones kick the mule?

MUGGINS: No, he kicked the bucket.

THE WANING.

ETHEL: We've been married three months to-day, Charlie.

CHARLIE: Great Scott! Is that all?

SNOODGRASS: I'd like to pay that bill, but I can't just now. You must give me time.

CREDITOR: I don't mind giving you time, but you seem to want eternity.

NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL—
Dessert.



She: IT WILL BE A PLEASURE FOR ME TO SHARE YOUR TROUBLES AND ANXIETIES.

He: BUT I HAVEN'T ANY.

She: O, YOU WILL HAVE WHEN WE ARE MARRIED!



WEATHER REPORT.

8:30 P. M.

LAST night when I called on Marie
We sat in the moonlight together;
We talked about—well, let me see—
We first were discussing the weather.

11:30 P. M.

As later she sat on my knee,
She seemed to be light as a feather—
And strange though it may seem to be
We still were discussing the "weather."

—Yale Record.

GUS: If you don't give it to me at once I'll kiss you.

MADGE: And if I do give it to you you will let me alone?

GUS: Certainly.

MADGE: Well—you can't have it.—Boston Beacon.

BANBY: But why have you thrown Charlie overboard?

MAUDE: I couldn't marry a man with a broken nose, you know.

BANBY: Ah! I wonder how he got his nose broken, poor fellow?

MAUDE: Oh, I struck him playing tennis!—Pick Me Up.

"Now, boys," said the enthusiast, "let's give three cheers for the speaker and then go have a drink."

"Excuse me," said the Prohibitionist. "I cheer but I do not inebriate."—American Carbonator.

Miss B., a member of the *corps de ballet* at the Court Opera House, called upon her friend, Miss C., whom she found busy with her toilet.

"What!" said the first-named *danseuse*, "you have gray hair already?"

"Yes," replied Miss C., somewhat disconcerted, "it turned gray in a single night in consequence of a great sorrow."

Next day Miss B. called again. This time her friend had completed her toilet and, with the help of the *Eau des Fées*, her hair was now a brilliant jet.

"Ah!" maliciously remarked her visitor, "to-day your hair is quite black again."

"You see," replied Miss C., "it has turned black again over night as the result of a great joy!"—Wiener Caricaturen.

"Say, pop," said Johnny Blimkins, "Charley Sawyer's going to elope with sister Mary to-night. He's got a ladder hid in the barn."

"You don't say so. Wait till I go in and tell your mother, so's she won't think it's burglars, and kick up a racket. An, Johnny, you kin hang around outside and hold the ladder if Charley wants ye to."—Philadelphia Times.

MAN (rising wearily to let late comer pass to his seat in the theatre): This eternal getting up is really very annoying.

LATE COMER: I know it is; that is the reason I never come in myself till the curtain is up.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Packer's Tar Soap

Is one of Nature's Remedies, and the IDEAL TOILET SOAP.

For IT is pure, bland, emollient, antiseptic and curative; allays irritation of the skin caused by dust, heat, insect-pests, sunburn, chafing, etc.

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